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# THE SAILOR BOY.

BY

ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L.

POET LAUREATE.



LONDON :

EMILY FAITHFULL & CO., VICTORIA PRESS.

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HE rose at dawn and flushed with  
hope

Shot o'er the seething harbour-bar,  
And reached the ship and caught the  
rope,

And whistled to the morning star.

And while on deck he whistled loud  
He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,  
“ Boy, though thou art young and  
proud,  
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

“ The sands and yeasty surges mix  
In caves about the dreary bay ;  
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,  
And in thy heart the scrawl shall  
play.”

“Fool!” he answer’d, “Death is sure  
To those that stay and those that  
roam :

But I will never more endure  
To sit with empty hands at home.

“My mother clings about my neck,  
My sisters clamour, ‘Stay, for shame!’  
My father raves of death and wreck,  
They are all to blame, they are all  
to blame.



“God help me! save I take my part  
Of danger on the roaring sea,  
A Devil rises in my heart,  
Far worse than any death to me.”





The Victoria Press.







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